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W. P. WALTON.

THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

Philip Wentworth spent a night of scheming. He was angry, baffled, jealous. To say that he loved Julia would not be true, he was utterly incapable of loving any one but himself, but he had set his mind, rather than his affections on her. She was rich and he could not have too much of that to indulge his luxurious tastes. She was beautiful and he admired beauty. She was finely educated and accomplished, in short was just the woman to adorn the home he intended to have and to be introduced to his friends. Her mother as well as his own sanctioned the match, her father agreed to it provided Julia desired it, nothing but her foolish whim stood in the way and that must and should be removed.

That a young man as poor as a church mouse and with no family to boast of should be a rival to the high bred son of General Wentworth was not to be thought of. His haughty pride would have made him overlook Henry as he would a worm, had not his keen sense told him that this would not avail, Henry was not to be overlooked, for in spite of wealth, position, influence, intellect is supreme, and will gain its way where the other will not avail. Philip knew this and that he must stoop to active measures if he conquered. Mind you he didn't think it stooping to do a mean, unscrupulous thing, but to recognize Henry as a rival, worthy of being fought was stooping. He packed a valise before he slept and wrote a note to Mrs. Darnleigh explaining that he had suddenly been called home on business which would probably detain him two or three days, at the end of said time he would return. Then he went softly down stairs, let himself out and made his way to Sam's quarters.

"Hello in there!" he called, tapping the door with the toe of his patent leather boot. After a little tumbling around inside the door was opened about an inch and one of Sam's white eyes appeared.

"Is that you, Mr. Philip?" he said, opening the door wider, "what on earth is late this time o' night?"

"I want the carriage at five, promptly, to-morrow morning to take me to the train, don't forget, now."

"Yer don't want the bays at that heathenish time? nobody'll see em."

"No, idiot, the buggy and Gyp."

"Ob! yer should ha said the buggy, sah. All right, sah, they'll be ready."

The next morning the family met for their nine o'clock breakfast, that is Mrs. Darnleigh and the girls, Mr. Darnleigh breakfasted at eight and went up town to his business.

"Where is Philip?" asked Mrs. Darnleigh, as she took her seat behind the shining coffee urn.

"He's gone missy!" said the white aproned mulatto boy.

"Gone?" echoed Mrs. Darnleigh, dropping the white jeweled hand she had placed on the call bell.

"That's what he said, ma, and I'm sure there's nothing awful in that; no body wants him here but you; for my own part I wish he would go and stay."

"There's a note up stairs which he said was for you missy when you asked."

"Go bring it then and stop your grinning!" said the lady severely.

"Yes um!" said Jim, making a mighty effort to straighten out his physiognomy.

"Chatty," said Mrs. Darnleigh angrily, when the boy had left the room, "I shall certainly punish you if you don't stop talking in that way before the servants, you are not content with expressing your own silly views, but must speak as if Julia was foolish and wicked enough to have any but the highest love and respect for her aunt and cousin. I'm very much offended with you, very much indeed!"

"Now ma, what did I say against aunt Jane? She's good enough as far as I know, and I like her very well when she lets me alone, but as for Philip he is a conceited humbug and I think it don't care who knows it!" cried Chatty, her face flushing with anger.

"You don't uphold her in those views, do you Julia?" asked Mrs. Darnleigh, turning to her oldest daughter, who had sat silent, her eyes bent on her plate during the whole interview, she raised them quietly now to her mother's face.

"No ma, not exactly, but I think as little of Philip as she does, or almost."

"Leave the table this moment, both of you! I'll not have such disobedience and rebellion in my family."

"But ma—"

"Do as I tell you, Chatty."

"But ma," said the irrepressible girl as she rose slowly and regretfully from the table, "you never told us that we were to love Philip, at least you never told me, then how can you call it rebellion and disobedience? I am sure I never meant to be disobedient," casting a longing look at the table, "and it isn't nice in you ma, it isn't really, to eat all the birds and toast yourself!"

"You needn't go," said Mrs. Darnleigh, who seemed to have reconsidered, "but I shall certainly tell your father when he comes."

"That is all right, papa won't care," thought Chatty, telegraphing a merry look to Jim who no longer able to hide his ivory, snatched the biscuit plate and hurried to the kitchen.

But an observer would have been surprised at Mrs. Darnleigh. To Chatty, who had given great cause for offense, she was amiability itself, but with Julia she seemed mortally offended, and by a chilliness of manner and pointedly addressing her words and attention to Chatty, excluded her from the conversation.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Miss Castle referred to by Philip in a conversation with Chatty was a reality; a tiny souled reality, who had delicate tinted skin, a delicate face, a very delicate hand displayed to advantage on a guitar, and accompanied by a voice which split delicate people's ears; Chatty was the key effected by Miss Castle. She had visited the sweetheart of Mr. Krupp, the same lady who had been the innocent cause of Henry's trouble with the seniors.

And here it may be necessary to say to save that young man's reputation, that he never repeated the experience of the "East room" and ever afterwards forewore even cake and lemonade. He applied himself to his studies with renewed zeal and by his progress surprised the presidents into loud approbations, and they told him that one more term would turn him out a finished ornament to the institution. He was a general favorite with the seniors who invited him to their homes and a share of all their pleasures. Mr. Krupp and himself were especially warm friends. Mr. Krupp introduced him to Miss Carter, his sweetheart, who invited him to visit her often, which he did in Mr. Krupp's company.

The evenings spent here were always pleasant, Miss Castle's presence counted but little with Henry, but he was fond of music and both of the young ladies played and Miss Carter sang some old ballads with fine effect.

It was on a knowledge of these few visits that Philip grounded his assertion of an engagement between Henry and Miss Castle and was in furtherance of this hastily conceived scheme that he left Mr. Darnleigh's. He did not stop at Lexington as he had led Mrs. Darnleigh to infer, but when he entered the train had a ticket to Covington sticking in his hat band. He lolled on a crimson velvet seat, his feet on the seat opposite, the window thrown up to admit the morning air, a cigar in his mouth, the paper in his hands, his mind full of schemes. Suddenly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder and a hearty voice called out:

"Hello Wentworth! where in the name of all that is marvelous did you come from and where are you going? I thought you were in Cincinnati!" and the cheerful face of Mr. Dingley, framed in by a smoking cap, presented itself.

"You didn't think me silly enough to be in the city at this time of the year, did you?" said Philip, shaking hands with his friend and moving his feet to make room for him on the seat opposite.

"Covington," said Mr. Dingley, glancing at Philip's hat-band, "for what?"

"On business."

"That's a fine view there," said Mr. Dingley, pointing from the window, "do you like the country, Wentworth?"

"No."

"You will admit it has beauties and sources for enjoyment not found in town, plenty of flowers for instance and a good apple orchard are not out of place, trout streams too, eh?"

"I don't like it," said Philip, "I can get all the flowers and fruit I want by going round the corner, and I never saw the fun of sitting on a bank all day staring at a glassy sheet of water until my eyes ached and my face blistered, then going to bed with a cold in my head! No thank you; the country is well enough for poets to sing about and to supply the vegetable markets. I'm a social being myself, give me my neighbors chimneys, the roar and bustle and life of town."

"You haven't a grain of sentiment in your soul, Wentworth."

"I am glad of it, sentiment is like a wart on a man's nose, he is ashamed of it, but tries to think it becoming, carries it always with him and never has any use for it. Give me the real in life, none of your fancies. If I had lived in the age of mist and shadows I would have been burned for my skepticism, for I never would have tolerated all their foolery."

"Well," said Mr. Dingley, laughing, "I enjoy the country in summer in the same way I do a fine cigar or the last opera; it's something new and makes a fellow dream and think. I always get acquainted with myself during a quiet stay in the country; never have time till then; make a bushel of good resolutions which I forget as soon as

I get in sight of the court-house spire, and break every one before twenty-four hours spent in town. I say, Wentworth, I believe a fellow could be a tolerable christian in the country, it's out of the question in town. I said the other day that I wouldn't drink but once a day; as I was passing a saloon I looked at the house on the opposite side of the street and was nearly by when Thompson called to me to take a drink with him and of course I did and have been taking the usual number ever since. Man is a creature of circumstance; show me a man's surroundings and I'll tell you what kind of a man he is or will be. Of course the will is free, but sometimes I've half a notion to side with Hobbs and say it's controlled by motives eh?"

"I don't know," said Philip, who was by this time heartily tired of his friend's tirade. "Do you know any one in Covington?"

"Plenty of them."

"A Miss Castle? I've a message for her."

"Irene Castle? Yes of course I know her; visited Fannie Carter, at home, last spring."

"I wish you would favor me with her address," said Philip, throwing a card on Mr. Dingley's knee.

Slipping the address thus easily obtained into his pocket, he and Mr. Dingley talked and smoked away the distance to Covington, where they parted. Philip went immediately to a hotel and wrote a note asking permission to call at six and one-half o'clock, saying he wished to see her on particular business, enclosed Mr. Dingley's card and sent it to her without delay.

The answer came saying that Miss Castle would be delighted, and the time appointed found Philip sitting with bent brows, studying a plain freed girl on opposite sofa. "We did not get acquainted while you were in Lexington, Miss Castle," Philip was saying, "but I feel that I know you very well, for all that, and am acquainted with a little fact, the knowledge of which brought me here, but I scarcely know just how to open this conversation with you," added Philip with a little uneasy laugh.

To have seen his face then was enough to put any one on his guard, the fox face which would be a lamb's if possible and was making such a miserable failure, the knowledge of something on which his delicacy constrained silence, but on which duty directed an opposite course.

Miss Castle not knowing just what was required of her took refuge in a sigh and said "Ye?" in that interrogative way which expects something else.

"Ahem, Miss Castle, I'm a misunderstood fellow, people think me indifferent and selfish, when on the contrary you never knew a man of more feeling, but I find so little congeniality in my sentiments, so few people are really generous, that I suppose and am half ashamed of my feelings, but I heard that you were a young lady of great heart as well as mind and I have a hope that you will be able to understand and appreciate my motives in coming here to-night. I'll be as brief and spare your feelings as much as possible. You had a friend, a gentleman, who was greatly attached to you by the name of Graham?"

Although he had been as gentle as possible Miss Castle gave a faint shriek, went through all the stages of an easy faint, was revived sufficiently by a glass of water and many epithets from the exasperated Philip, to resume an upright position, cover her face with a bit of handkerchief and bid him to go on, to tell her everything, under no consideration to regard her feelings at all for they were of no consequence whatever and begging him to tell the worst and be very explicit, she dived behind her handkerchief deeper than ever.

"There's nothing bad to tell, that is not very bad. Plague take the girl is she going to make a regular simoleon of herself?" he thought as he leaned against the mantle piece and looked down on her with a frown.

"Well," came from behind the handkerchief.

"Well," echoed Philip, "I might as well go back, I can't expect any help from you I see, although it would advantage you greatly if I could."

The handkerchief was removed and the girl looked at Philip with a shrewdness and hardness of expression which he had not thought her capable.

"Is he married?"

"No."

"Going to be?"

"Not if I can prevent it, which I can if you will help me."

"Of course I will. Who is she?" fiercely.

Philip's brow cleared, he sat down near her. "Ah! that is it, you'll do now. No foolishness when one wants to do you a good turn."

He then told her in a few words as possible about Julia and Henry, throwing in several of his own surmises and enlarging facts. When he finished Miss Castle asked, "What can I do? What do you want of me?"

"Only to write her a letter which I will dictate. She's a girl of strict honor and would have nothing whatever to do with him if she could be made to think any other woman had a prior claim on him. I can trust her to keep your secret."

It was ten o'clock when Philip rose to go. "We understand each other," he said at parting, "hereafter we are strangers. Julia must not suspect that I have any

hand in the matter, or that I have even been here; be sure and send the letter in the course of a week."

He went back to Lexington the next day, staved over night, then returned to Danville. He found his aunt alone, Mr. Darnleigh was at his store, the girls were out for a ride; she welcomed him warmly.

"I was afraid that your business would keep you from us, it is a great pleasure to have you here Philip; I've no son of my own and you seem almost to fill the place of one," said the good lady innocently.

"I wish that I could be your son," said Philip laughing.

The lady was pleased, but intensely mystified.

"You know of course, aunt, that I'm in love with Julia, I've not tried to conceal it."

"Nonsense," said the lady, tipping him playfully with her fan. "She is your cousin, your foolish boy, you don't know what you are talking about."

"Yes I do, I've wanted to speak to you on the subject before; with your and uncle's consent I'll speak to Julia."

"Well," said Mrs. Darnleigh thoughtfully "we shall have to give her up sometime I suppose and I would rather give her to you than any one else. Is it not said that we have to lose our children, all the tender ties and memories of babyhood and childhood and girlhood broken at last by their marrying, and leaving us. Sad, too sad." Philip who had been perfectly awake to all the schemes of his aunt to bring about this very proposal was now disgusted to make answer—"but" continued the lady, "I will gain such a dear son that I'm sure it's weakness in me to give way to these foolish tears."

Philip thanked her, but was not overpowered by either her affectionate assurances or the tear or two which the thought of losing Julia had provoked. So he excused himself and went up to his room to get rid of some of his dust.

"I'll not consult my lovely and affectionate aunt about Graham until I see the effect of that letter on Julia."

Jim brushed his clothes and laid out his embroidered slippers.

"Who's been here in my absence?" asked Philip deeply engaged with his collar button.

"Lots of folks."

"That young Graham?"

"Bole of the young Mister Gramma."

said Jim brushing a coat very hard.

"Umph, what did aunt say?"

"I never heard her say nuffin, mister said that they was promisin' young gemman."

"Get me a flower," said Philip shortly, "not tuberoses, I don't want to be reminded of a funeral all evening; something with very little perfume."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

The ruin wrought by earthquakes in Cashmere turns out to be even greater than reported. Two towns are destroyed, with a loss of four hundred lives, and neighboring villages have had their share of calamities.

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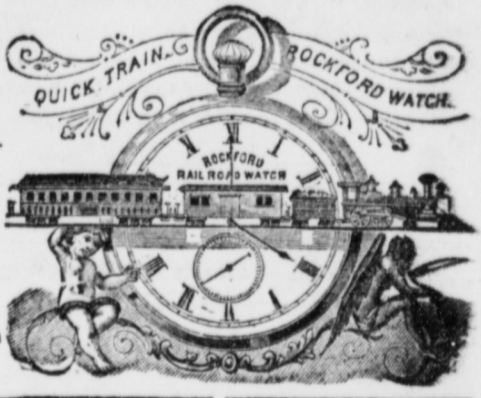
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W. P. WALTON.

The appointment of Mr. James R. Marrs to be postmaster at Danville was made on Monday and telegraphed us at once but the message must have tarried along the line for congratulations as it took sixteen hours to reach this office from the time it was sent. In common with all his newspaper friends we are delighted to see so honorable, competent and deserving one of our number recognized and in a measure remunerated for a life of devotion to and work for the principles of the democratic party. The appointment honors alike the President and Gov. McCreary and both deserve the plaudits of the people. Danvillians we know will say that it was the very best that could have been made.

The democratic nominee for re-election to the Legislature from Fayette county, Hon. W. P. Kimball, has withdrawn from the race to accept a position under Gen. Robinson in the revenue department. Mr. Kimball is the young man who changed his vote at a suspicious time from Senator Williams to Blackburn and although he and his friends have denied that there was any crookedness in the matter, there are many people who won't believe it. It is therefore perhaps better that Mr. Kimball has resolved to retire from active politics.

SOME curious advertisements occur in the New York World as the following taken at random will show:

For Adoption.—A lovely female infant, eight days old. Mrs. Bohmer, 83 21 avenue.

A lady, small figure, going in mourning, will sell her wardrobe, several dresses not yet worn, parasols and hats to match; no dealers need answer. Mourning, &c.

An attenuated form made round and beautiful in a short time; positive change in two to four weeks; never fails; ladies are invited to call. Mme. La Verge, &c.

A FEW papers are trying to create a feeling against the nomination of J. W. Tate for State Treasurer by the State Central and Executive Committees and say that a convention should have been held. This is all twaddle and the committees should be praised instead of censured. The cost of a convention, besides the loss of time, is very great and under the circumstances there was no need of one. It required no convention to Dick Tate the nominee. That was a foregone conclusion.

THERE were just 100,000 less visitors to the New Orleans Exposition than the government contributed dollars to the enterprise. The contribution was \$1,650,000, the number of visitors 1,158,840, so for each visitor the Government has paid considerable over a dollar a head. The total gate receipts were just \$553,361. The whole thing was a miserable failure and ought to teach our law makers that government money should not be voted for such enterprises.

SALISBURY, whom the Queen designated as the successor of Gladstone, has succeeded in forming his cabinet. Englishmen here say it is very unwise for the conservatives to take office now, so near to the elections. The party is largely in the majority and the election of its leaders would result as the feeling now stands, but any little mistake of the cabinet may produce a revolution in sentiment and cause its defeat.

A SINGULAR fatality has pursued all of the race who assisted in the fraud that made Hayes president. L. G. Dennis is the latest example of this fact. It was he who planned the rape of the vote of Florida but he won't do so any more. After a miserable, drunken existence since he is at last safe in school, having gone thither this week by the delirium tremens route, produced by drinking a half-gallon of whisky on a wager.

The large profits in National Banking are numbered with the things of the past and some of the banks recognizing that money can be more advantageously handled in other lines of business are going into liquidation. The Union National of New York is one of the number and is preparing to pay the stockholders the entire capital back with 65 per cent. accumulated profits.

SPEAKING of Col. Craddock sitting on the rostrum at the University exercises the Richmond Register says: "The Col. adorns with equal grace the front pew at a religious revival, the platform at a college commencement, the grand stand at a horse race and a reserved seat at a cock-fight." It could also have added that he prays like a pirate and curses like a sailor.

THESE watering place managers who are publishing an analysis of their waters an arm or so in length are respectfully referred to the advice given by the late lamented Col. Jack Warton to a Virginia Springs man: "Go less on the analysis and more on the merits of the bar and table if you want patronage."

FALCON says the Ohio democracy has become acrophobic and delights to present in dress parade the beautiful countenance which it wears in the seat of its pantaloon. The republicans must have the hydropsyphobia, judging from the document it recently enunciated under the name of a platform.

THE perpetrator of the trunk murder, Walter H. Lenox Maxwell was captured by detectives just before his ship landed in Australia and he will be brought back for trial if the extradition laws are sufficient. He was making as a French Colonel.

JUDGE DURHAM decides that Prof. C. Veyley, who is Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture and also holds the office of Curator of Insects at the National Museum, is not entitled to the salary of but one office, though the Prof. is strongly inclined to the opposite opinion. The Judge has also disallowed Commissioner Loring's seed account and demanded of him a return of \$20,807.89, improperly appropriated. As Loring's bond is only \$10,000, the government will lose the difference.

DITTO refers to Brother Marrs as editor of the Danville Tribune, but then the new postmaster can afford to have this little bitter drug in his full cup of happiness. Ditto deserves a drubbing for so mean a mistake, however.

JIM BLACKBURN failed to get the Collectorship but his family and friends are being provided for all the same. Gen. Robinson has appointed his son deputy collector at Frankfort. There are always wheels within wheels.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Judge Stallo, of Cincinnati, has been appointed Minister to Italy.

—Ten persons were run struck in New York Tuesday, two of whom died.

—Gen. Grant and family have gone to Mt. McGregor, a summer resort in the Adirondacks.

—Twelve thousand persons left Madrid during the past week, in consequence of the cholera scare.

—Gov. Knott has pardoned the forger, Harry Somerville, just convicted and sentenced to two years by a Fayette jury.

—Baron von Manteuffel, the distinguished German soldier, died suddenly at Carlsbad, Wednesday. He was born in 1809.

—Hon. Bayless W. Hanna, of Indiana, recently appointed Minister to Persia, has been transferred to the Argentine Republic.

—Frederick Charles, Prince of Russia, known as the Red Prince, has passed in his checks. He was a nephew of the Emperor.

—The Isere with the Bartholdi statue, "Liberty," the gift of France to the United States, did not arrive at New York till Wednesday.

—Sam Anderson, who murdered Wash. Osborn, near Dry Bridge, Ky., and who has been at large for twenty years, was arrested Tuesday night.

—Shocks of earthquake have occurred in Cashmere with renewed violence. It is reported 2,281 persons have perished in the district of Muzaffarabad.

—The Train Dispatchers' Association is in session at Denver. One of the results of the meeting will be the adoption of a uniform system of train orders.

—A brute named Meyers has been sentenced in Baltimore, under a lately passed act of the Legislature, to receive twenty lashes as a punishment for wife-beating.

—The New York Court of Appeals has decided that the law against the manufacture of oleomargarine is unconstitutional, because it is an aggressive restriction of trade.

—It is reported from Clinton, Ky., that James H. Shields, editor of the Democrat, has left for parts unknown, leaving his family in the lurch. An unmarried miss accompanied him.

—The president has amended the civil service rules so as to include deputy naval officers and deputy surveyors of customs in the list of officials exempted from the provisions of the civil service law and rules.

—The B. and O. railroad has come to an agreement with the foreign holders of the securities of the O. and M. railroad, whereby the latter will pass from the B. and O. and be run as an independent organization.

—The office of the special deputy collector, salary \$3,000; warehouse superintendent, \$2,000; assistant gauger, \$1,200; and measurer of vessels, \$1,200, connected with the New Orleans custom-house, have been abolished by Secretary Manning.

—The Department desires the announcement to come to the knowledge of all the Postmasters in the service that the failure of Postmasters to make reports, deposits or accounts after notice, will be ground for removal without further inquiry.

—A letter has been received at Washington from a well-known physician in Boston, asking that a commission of five of the scientists of the Capital investigate the question of mind and faith cure in all its bearings and make a report on the same.

—A pretty, young grass widow, Mary Leonard, created a sensation by horshipping James Myers, a boy of 20 years, in front of his own door in East Nashville. Mrs. Leonard got a divorce from her husband, a year ago and resumed her maiden name. Myers circulated reports affecting her virtue and the whipping was the result.

—Storekeepers and gunners are compelled to give bond with good sureties for \$10,000, the bondsmen to swear that they are worth double the amount of bond over all other liabilities, and must designate property to that amount. It is useless for any one to apply unless they are able to conform to the regulation.

—The Calhoun Courier, which has opposed the whipping-post says: A change has been wrought in the mind of the Courier. If we have barbarians, which we undoubtedly have, to deal with we must resort to barbarous punishment. In the case of the wife-beater, petty thief and the carrier of concealed deadly weapons, the whipping-post is an actual necessity.

—In 1863 Capt. Thos. H. Hines got out of the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, through a hole cut by Capt. L. D. Hocker-smith and others. In 1877 he crawled into Appellate Judgeship through the same hole; and it is pretty generally believed that in 1886 he will crawl out from the court through the same or a similar hole. That Morgan hole is already worn slick, and a great deal of light is being thrown into the darkness thereof.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Miss Paulina East, a sister of Mr. Calvin East, of this county, died Saturday.

—Mr. Jas. E. Muddock is advertised to give a selection of his readings at the City Hall on Tuesday evening, June 23d.

—Dealers say it is almost impossible to keep a stock of Blue Lick water since the temperance question has been so much agitated. "Blue Lick" is substituted for "red licker," as it were.

—One of the prisoners confined in our county jail set fire to his straw bed tick last Monday evening and caused an alarm of fire and the engine being brought out. Barring a few singed eye brows among the boys confined no damage resulted.

—Dr. Tracy still draws large audiences each morning and evening at his temperance lectures, and the interest continues growing at each service. About 500 have signed the pledge up to this writing. After the lecture Wednesday evening, the Ladies Christian Temperance Union spread a tempting array of refreshments on the stage which were generally partaken of at 25 cts. per head. The proceeds amounted to \$46, which will be used in the cause.

—A lodge of the Sons of Temperance has been organized here and officers elected as follows: Worthy Patriarch, Prof. Irvine; Worthy Associate, Miss Jennie Duncan; Recording Scribe, J. C. Hemphill; Assistant Recording Scribe, Louis Landrum; Financial Scribe, R. R. West; Treasurer, Mrs. John H. Woodcock; Chaplain, Chas. Reid; Conductor, E. K. Higgins; Assistant Conductor, Miss Annie Hopper; Inside Sentinel, H. Singleton; Outside Sentinel, W. W. White.

—After the supper at the City Hall Wednesday evening a number of the young folks repaired to the Old Fellows Hall and a hop of some three hours duration followed, which was seemingly enjoyed very much by all present. Music was furnished by an Italian orchestra that was caught on the fly, but they made good dancing music nevertheless. We noticed among the participants Misses Queen and Altie Marksbury, Bertie Collier, Mae Ware, Mamie Olds, Lena Irvine and others.

—Prof. and Mrs. E. V. Zollars and their handsome daughter, Miss Addie, left Wednesday for their future home in Springfield, Ill. C. M. Reid has returned from Georgetown College. H. C. Kimbrough, E. G. of Carlisle, was in town several days this week. Miss Daisy Burnside and May Ferguson, who have been visiting relatives here for several days, returned to their homes at Stanford and Covington, Tuesday. Miss Nannie McNew, the pretty guest of Miss Bertie Collier for two weeks past, returned to Carlisle, her home, Wednesday. Mr. W. O. Bigney and wife are visiting relatives near Liberty. Miss Katie Earl Caldwell, of lower Garrard, is visiting Mrs. W. B. Mason.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Silas Manwaring, who had just been bailed out of jail, was again committed Wednesday morning on a charge of petit larceny.

—Amanda Briscoe, colored, while under the influence of liquor, cut Geo. Watson three times, once on the left side of the neck, once on the left shoulder and once on the left arm. Dr. F. Danlap, who dressed the wounds, says the cut in the neck was a close call. George is a white man and has been paying attention to Amanda for some time. After the affray Amanda skipped out and has not yet been arrested.

—Our old friend Tom Orr, of Mitchellburg, has about concluded to spend the summer with Soc Owens, at Cumberland Falls. Tom is an acquisition to any society—where rugged, good sense, old fashioned honor and inimitable drollery are among the commodities lacking, and tho' they may not be lacking at the Falls, when Tom arrives they will find that they can make use of all they have on hand.

—The Alumni banquet last night was a complete success. Covers were laid for 250 persons and there were no vacant seats. The toasts and responses were as follows: Greeting—Hon. R. P. Jacobs, Danville, "Sir, you are very welcome to our house; it must appear in other ways than words." Our Old Kentucky Home—Gov. J. Proctor Knott. Our Alma Mater—Rev. H. H. Allen, Princeton. The Learned Professor—Judge J. F. Phillips, Kansas City. Mo. The Bench—Judge A. P. McCormack, Dallas, Texas. Our Statesmen—Hon. J. B. McCreary, Richmond. The Stage-coach Era—Patrick Joyce, Esq., Louisville. Later Days—Hon. W. J. Hendricks, Flemingsburg. Danville Homes—Judge C. A. Hardin, Harrodsburg. Good Night—John C. Young.

—The following is a programme of the 61st annual commencement which was concluded at the 21st Presbyterian church this morning, the names being those of the graduates: Political Oration—Harry Lee Briggs, Danville, Subject—The Return of the Tarter; Edward Samuel Farrand, Albany, Mo., Mind Triumphant over Matter; Benjamin Harry Fields, Catawba, The Law of Work; Frank William Grossman, Louisville, Evolution; Murray Robert Hubbard, Hodgenville, An Inane; Ernest Douglas Martin, Danville, The Argument from Design; Nicholas McDowell, Jr., Danville, Government; James Allen Williams, Cannonsburg, Mercantilism; the Dominant Element of our Civilization; Gavin Eston Wieman, Danville, Per Augustus ad Augusta; Valdictory—William Burgess Matthews, Mayeville, Benediction. Chairmen, Ormand Beatty, L. L. D. Committee, Deionlogian: B. F. Bowen, G. R. Craft, H. B. Craft, Chamberlain: W. M. Sodghill, E. B. Nelson, F. M. Wilson. Music by Wolf & Trost's Orchestra.

—David Stotom, the Cincinnati millionaire, secured judgment against Carter county, for nearly seventy-five thousand dollars, the suit being for matured coupons upon county bonds, issued in 1877.

GEO. O. BARNES.

The Long Lost Trunks Turn Up.

Will Trying a Hand at Organ Repairing.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, May 12th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR:—"Times and seasons" have changed with other things, since we were in India 24 years ago. Here we have had "the rains" setting in, in May, a thing unheard of in "my time." Then the "rainy season" was a thing apart decorously beginning with unfailing regularity, late in June and somewhere in the limits of the 25th to the 28th. So that no one dreamed of "getting a ducking" out of season any more than during the season they expected a "dry spell." But here we seem to have "the rains" upon us in good earnest. For the past week it has been either showering or pouring almost continuously. I am astonished.

Our baggage has at last arrived. It has been on the road from March 17th to May 6th, and we have been vegetating on the contents of two small ship-cabin trunks that we brought with us from Bombay, having no other thought but that our baggage would be waiting for us at the journey's terminus. Well! we hailed the cavalcade of coolies, 33 in number, that came staggering up hill under the burden of our goods and chattels last Wednesday. And when we opened up our 16 packages of various sorts and sizes and found that save a few tea cups all seemed as safe and sound as when packed at Highgate, and then, when after diligent arrangement we had bestowed the whole in the various rooms of "Prospect Point," we looked so like 4 Park Terrace, Hampstead Lane that we felt several thousand miles nearer our last halting place, and more "at home" than since we left London and the "hub of the planet."

Subsequent investigation, however, revealed the fact that our little organ was easily shaken by careless handling, or the excessive heat, or some other cause, for the little creature wheezed and creaked and behaved in such an asthmatic manner that Will, our universal mechanic, was fain to take it all to pieces, when he found that the air box was damaged and the screws half dropped out, and the reeds shockingly out of tune and I know not what besides. For I have not a particle of the mechanical genius he inherits from his uncle Frank, or from the ancestor from whom Frank got his, and I can not follow him at all into the fearful intricacy of machinery, where he delights to tread. It is quite amazing what he can do with a jack knife and a screw driver and a pair of pincers. He dropped his line watch on the hard plaster floor soon after coming up and we thought it was ruined utterly. In a few minutes he had it all to pieces, found what had been broken, mended it in an hour or two and had everything set up and in running order and it is going now as well as ever or a little better. He horrified me by showing the separate pieces, which to me represented chaos and ruin, and trying to explain to me how a watch "ran." But so far from learning anything I could only express my fears that he would never get it all into the case again, and that his splendid "chronometer balance" was as good as "gone to the dogs," whereas he only smiled pityingly and went on with his cleaning and re-setting.

This gift, coupled with his obliging disposition, has gotten him into business in the station. Hearing that he knew something about the mysterious inwardness of an organ, Miss Bailey asked him to look into hers. "It wouldn't go aright," it acted in the most extraordinary way, and she did not know what to do with it," the words wouldn't stop, the bellows wouldn't yield up its contents, the 'tremolo' wouldn't work" &c., &c. A half day's work and she had the pleasure of again hearing a satisfactory performance from her favorite. Then came an application from the music teacher of the Presbyterian girls school on the hill side below us: "Would Mr. B. kindly overhaul her organ and while setting it to rights explain its mechanism to her music class?" Of course Mr. B. would and did and righted another "squeaker" reducing it to order and harmony. Then Bro. Evans, who preaches to a little out of the way congregation in the "Hispy Valley," a mile or two beyond Muscorio, had an old "Harmonicon" that wouldn't go at all. "Would Bro. B. help him out?" And then the organist at Bro. Osborne's chapel "needed something" the good performer couldn't tell what and would feel so grateful if Mr. B. would take a look at it. In all of which not to mention an occasional watch or an outside clock, in addition to home needs cheerfully met, he has "done done what he could" to contribute his quota to the general comfort of the station, and indeed in the absence of opportunities for preaching he has been most diligent and useful member of the 'troupe.'

Last Sunday I had my first hearing in Landour, in Bro. Osborne's chapel to a house full of earnest, appreciative listeners a goodly number of soldiers from the barracks, I had the joy of again "holding forth the word of life," as the dear LORD has given me to preach it. The preacher enjoyed it, I can answer for him at least. It does look like folly to be here on top of the Himalaya mountains, preaching one sermon in six weeks, to a handful of people, does it not?

It seemed folly to leave Kentucky and go to Ohio, but it wasn't. It seemed folly to go to New York, but it wasn't. It seemed folly to go to London and sit silent for two months in Shackwell Lane, but it wasn't. And so, I am sure the dear LORD, who has led every step of my way, will, in due time vindicate the coming to India, and the coming to London, and the going everywhere else beyond this till we "go up higher." Praise His dear name forever. All well and happy. Making fine progress in Hindustani. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

BUGGIES, BUGGIES, BUGGIES!

OUR STOCK IS NOW COMPLETE,

—CONSISTING OF—

Carriages, Barouches, Phaetons, Buggies, Surreys, Jaguar Wagons, Buck Boards, Road Carts, &c.

These Goods are all Strictly First-Class, from the Best Manufacturers,

—AND—

Are Sold on Their Merits,

WITH A GUARANTEE.

We Buy for CASH and Propose to Give our Customers the Benefit of our Discounts.

Will Guarantee to Save you from 10 to 25 Per Cent. on every Vehicle. Give us a Call.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

THE LION WROUGHT IRON RANGE,

For Coal or Wood.

This Range is Extra Heavy and is made of the very best Juniata Cast-iron. Has cast top and front, with Entire Wrought Iron Body and Oven. Warming Oven extends under entire length of Range. Automatic Oven Shelf. Sectional Fire Linings and Cut Centers. Nickel name plate, knobs and hinge pins. Adjustable side shelf and all modern improvements. Can be arranged with Heater for hot and cold water. Water Box or Heater extra.

W. H. HIGGINS,

SPECIAL AGENT,

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OPERA HOUSE,

STANFORD, KY.

W. P. WALTON, - Proprietor

Size of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of scenery. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600. Reasonable rates to good attractions. Address

Cancer of Tongue!

A Case Resembling that Gen'l Grant.

Some ten years ago I had a scrofulous sore on my right hand which gave me great trouble, and my doctor told me it was cancer. I was very much distressed, and I found, however, that it was only driven into the system by the use of potash and mercury, and in March, 1882, it broke out in my throat and concentrated in what some of the doctors denominated cancer. I was placed under treatment for this disease. Some six or seven of the best physicians in the country had me at different times under their charge, among them three specialists in this line, but one after another would exhaust their skill and drop me, for I grew worse continually. The cancer had eaten through my cheek, destroying the roof of my mouth and upper lip, had destroyed the palate and palate entirely and half my tongue, eating out to the top of my left cheek bone and up to the left eye. From a hearty, robust man of 150 pounds I was reduced to a mere frame of skin and bones, almost unable to turn myself on liquids and my tongue solid food, but sustained on liquids and my tongue and the tongue, which was almost destroyed, being recovered and it seems that nature is supplying a new tongue. I can talk so that my friends can readily understand me and can eat solid food and the tongue, which was almost destroyed, is again able to walk about wherever I please without the assistance of any one and have gained fifty pounds of flesh. A little under the blessing of a merciful Heavenly Father; is due to credit of a merciful Heavenly Father and a marvel to all my friends, hundreds of whom have known my intense sufferings and have visited me in my afflictions. While I am not well, yet my gratitude is none the less devout and I am confident that a perfect recovery is now in sight. I thank you for the facts, I would refer them to Hon. John H. Taylor, State Senator of this district, who is my neighbor, and to Dr. T. B. Bradford, of Louisville, Ky., or to any person living in the Southern part of Tennessee county, Ky., Ga. May 14, 1885.

MRS. MARY L. COMER.

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Hunting, Fishing, Bathing and all kinds of recreation for the tourist, invalid or sportsman. This line runs through the Alleghany Mountains, on the banks of beautiful rivers and terminates at

THE SEA SHORE.

Observation Cars on Day Trains. Regular first-class tickets good for stop-over and all can be combined without extra expense. For full information, rates at Hotels, analysis of Mineral Springs, Pullman Sleeping Car space, Tickets, &c., call on or address

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Stanford, Ky. Trar. Passenger Agt.,

C. W. NATHAN, Louisville, Ky. Gen'l Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Gen'l Manager, Richmond, Virginia. D. G. EDWARDS,

Gen'l Western Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, O.

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A favorite prescription of one of the most noted and successful specialists in the U. S. (now retired) for the cure of Nervous Debility, Lost Manhood, Weakness and Decay. Sent in plain sealed envelope free. Druggists can fill.

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A very desirable store-room, 24x70 feet, next door to the Farmers National Bank in Stanford. Recently renovated and greatly improved. Apply to

B. P. FALLEN,

Stanford, Ky.

Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial is the great Southern remedy for curing **Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramp-Colic** and all bowel affections, and restoring the little one suffering such a malaise upon the system from the effects of **TEETHING**. For sale by all druggists at 50 cents a bottle.

Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure Gout, Croup and Consumption. Price 25c. and \$1 a bottle.

For sale by **Dr. M. L. BOURNE**, Stanford, Ky.

THE SEA LAWYER.

LABORING NOT FOR HIRE BUT FOR THE GOOD OF HIS SHIPMATES.

The Education and Practice of Maritime Lawyers—Arguing a Case Before the Captain—Making the Commander's Life Unhappy.

(New York Times.)

In nearly every ship's crew is at least one sailor who is well versed in maritime law, so far as it pertains to the rights of himself and his shipmates. The sailor who makes pretensions to legal knowledge of this description is very properly called a sea lawyer. Unlike his legal contemporary of the land, the sea lawyer seems to work for hire. He labors only for the good of his shipmates and whatever personal glory may fall to him for having championed their cause. The sea lawyer never hesitates to take up the cause of a shipmate who imagines that he has suffered wrongs at the hands of his superiors. The threats of the officers have no terrors for him. He is always willing to lay down his brief and assume a crown of martyrdom, and as long as he has breath in his body the sea lawyer will continue to argue the cause of his client.

Sea captains, as a rule, regard sea lawyers with intense dislike. The captain does not wish to be unreasonable. He is perfectly willing that his men should do as they please, provided that they are pleased to conduct themselves in accordance with his wishes. As long as the men are contented with the treatment which they receive at the hands of the captain and his officers everything goes smoothly on board the ship. But when the men obstinately refuse to pretend that they are contented and happy there is apt to be more or less trouble. The captain entertains no decided dislike for the blustering sailor who tries to inaugurate a mutiny on the slightest provocation. He knows that by means of the moral influence of a cooked revolver, followed by a few days' confinement on biscuit and water, he will be able to bring to the surface all the lamb-like features of the agitator's character.

But the expert sea lawyer will refuse to be the most unfeeling manner to conduct himself violently. He cannot be induced to lose his temper. He will not give the captain the slightest excuse to put him in irons. The aggravating sea lawyer insists that he passionately loves law and order. With a calm smile he begs the captain to so far overstep his authority as to place his law-abiding wrists in chains, or if this is too much trouble, to kindly knock him down, in order to give him a chance of appealing to the courts when the ship arrives in port. By this course he worries his captain to the verge of madness. That is one of the reasons why the captain hates the sea lawyer.

The sailor who feels that he has a turn for the law acquires his legal education in a careful and systematic manner. He begins by sitting at the feet of some fore-castle Gamin who is willing to impart to his juniors, not only his knowledge of the laws which have been made for the protection of the sailor while on board ship, but also the methods which have been found most effective in inducing tyrannical officers to respect these laws. The student also learns by heart the ship's articles, a copy of which is posted in the fore-castle. At length he acquires such a grip on legal knowledge that he considers himself a full-fledged sea lawyer, and he proceeds to argue points with the professors who have superintended his education. Then he is allowed to graduate, and on the next voyage he sets up as a regular practitioner.

The newly-fledged lawyer begins by winning the confidence of his shipmates. Having aroused his shipmates to a realization of the fact that they have certain legal rights, even on board ship, he gives himself over to the observation of the conduct of his superiors. Any little fracture of the law by one of his shipmates does not worry him, as this does not count. But he makes a note of each and every transgression on the part of the officers. If none of the latter will go so far as to actually maltreat any of the sailors, the sea lawyer endeavors by pooling all the petty grievances to make out one apparent case which will rank as a respectable wrong. If the cook insists on giving the men good food and plenty of it, the sea lawyer patiently waits for some mishap in the galley which will result in a meal considerably below the standard required by the ship's articles.

The sea lawyer is reasonably sure of finding something which he can induce his shipmates to regard as a grievance that will warrant them in making a complaint to the captain. They march off in a quiet and orderly manner with their legal luminary in the van. If the captain objects to being bothered by all this, in his very den, and orders the men to return to the fore-castle, the sea lawyer calmly calls his attention to the fact that under the law the sailors have the right to state their grievances to him. Having convinced the captain on this point, the lawyer proceeds to open his case. He is extremely respectful in his manner, but this does not prevent him from reminding the captain that all men are created free and equal, and that he has been created free and equal, and that he is not a slave to the fore-castle. Having once given in the captain is frequently called upon to listen to complaints. The sea lawyer, backed by the rest of the crew is forever turning up at the cabin door and dictating the course which he wishes the captain to pursue. The latter is kept in mortal terror of the fore-castle tribune, who insists upon making himself obnoxious in a law-abiding and orderly manner.

If there happens to be more than one sea lawyer in a crew, the captain apprehends no trouble from them, and if the captain finally gives way to his temper and uses violence, the law-abiding mariners practice having a much stronger case to present to the authorities on shore. But if, on the other hand, the captain persists in preventing a recurrence of the grievance in question, the sea lawyer graciously accepts his acknowledgment that he is in the wrong, and proceeds to lecture him in the presence of his crew on his duty toward his neighbor of the fore-castle. Having once given in the captain is frequently called upon to listen to complaints. The sea lawyer, backed by the rest of the crew is forever turning up at the cabin door and dictating the course which he wishes the captain to pursue. The latter is kept in mortal terror of the fore-castle tribune, who insists upon making himself obnoxious in a law-abiding and orderly manner.

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At Dinner with the Viceroy. When you dine with the viceroy of India you present yourself in the reception-room as your regulation swallow-tail, but before you go to dinner you change it for a nice cool, white linen jacket.

MARTIAL YOUNG WOMEN.

An Instructor Who Drills Ladies Into the Mysteries of Military Tactics.

(Washington Republican.)

"My experiment of instructing young ladies in military tactics has caused more interest in the matter than I thought it would," remarked Sergt. Maj. Dunn, of the marine corps, last night, to a reporter.

"What led you to undertake the experiment?" asked the reporter.

"A mere freak of fancy. For many years I have drilled both officers and men of the marine corps, and also the Washington light infantry and the National rifles and their cadet corps. I met with such success in these undertakings that the thought occurred to me to turn my attention to making militiamen of fair maidens. I judge, though, that the impression forced itself more firmly on my mind by watching the stage drills of the ladies in various parts of the country. I am more than satisfied with the results of my training of the Amazonian Manipulators. A curious man this to take, but if you could see the way they handle the broom a la militaire you would say that they were a success."

"Have you much trouble in instructing them?"

"None at all. I find that they enter into the spirit of the drill with more earnestness and zeal than men do. They are quicker to 'catch on' more alert, and seem to understand better the instructions given to them than the average male recruit. It is the best exercise possible for ladies. It gives them an erect posture, develops the strength and gives free motion to the body and limbs. In the foot movements, such as marching and wheeling, there is a constant, yet regular movement, and the cadence is governed by the order of the instructor. When the manual of arms, or rather the manual of the broom, is called for the arms and body are kept in perpetual motion. There is also to be added that the eye and ear are trained to be quick and sharp and the mind brightened. I will venture to say, from my experience in drilling young ladies, that it is not impossible to train them to march and drill with a neatness of execution that would startle the veterans. I would not be surprised to hear added some day the name of some female corps entering into competition with male companies for prizes. Ladies have the ambition to excel and the patience to succeed. There will be a big boom in this direction before long, or my guesses have gone wide of the mark."

A Sketch of Chief Poundmaker.

(Toronto Globe.)

Poundmaker, one of the Cree chiefs, and beyond comparison the ablest Indian in the northwest, is a particularly fine-looking specimen of his race, being over six feet high, of rather slight build, and singularly erect. He has an intelligent and rather refined-looking face, a high, prominent forehead, and a nose of the purely Grecian type, while there is nothing coarse or sensual about the lower portion of his face. His hands are small and delicate in appearance, his fingers being long and faultlessly tapered.

Though a pagan, he has more than once betrayed a strong inclination to embrace Catholicism. His father was a Cree, and his mother a Christian. His grandfather, on the side of his mother, is said to have been a Stoney, and this is corroborated by the great chief's peculiar cast of countenance. Poundmaker's career has been in many respects a remarkable one. It was he who accomplished peace between the Blackfoot and Crees, hitherto hereditary enemies. He had trouble with the Indian department last winter, and is not a man to quickly forget any indignity offered to himself or his people.

There is not an Indian in the northwest who knows the country better than Poundmaker. In 1881, when Lord Lorne went across the plains, Poundmaker joined the party for the purpose of interpreting the language of the Blackfoot into Cree, as the interpreter accompanying the party did not understand Blackfoot. Johnny Sackaw, a man was taken along to act as guide, but between Battleford and the crossings of the Red Deer, the half-breed lost himself, and for the last two days Poundmaker was "guiding the guide." After crossing the Red Deer, Poundmaker took the lead and traveled in almost an air-line to Blackfoot crossing, though there was no trail, and when we were on the river, he arranged his "time-table" so that he hit the best grass and water to be had, just about camping time on every occasion.

Sea Crabs Three Feet Across.

(Scientific Journal.)

Professor Verrill, of the United States fish commission, reports that the zoological results of the deep-sea explorations last year were of great interest. Many additions to the fauna of great depths were made, and a large proportion of them are undescribed forms. Some of the fishes were of great interest. Huge spiny-spined crabs over three feet across were taken in 1,000 to 1,200 fathoms, and another very large crab occurred in great abundance in 500 to 1,000 fathoms, while in 3,750 fathoms a large and strong crab-like creature was taken. Many curious shrimp, some of them of large size and brightly colored, and often with perfect eyes, occurred in most of the deepest dredgings. Several very interesting new forms of starfishes, opulians and holothurians were dredged, some of them in large quantities, even in the deepest localities. Several interesting new forms of corals, gorgonians, sea-pens, and allied forms also occurred.

Albino Indians.

(Arkansas Traveler.)

Several cases of natives of India, having a white skin, have been reported. Mr. A. T. Tetter mentions the finding of a family in which several white persons, resembling Europeans, had appeared, the parents having the ordinary blackness of the natives. The whiteness was not the result of leprosy. The skin of the albinos is much more sensitive to the sun's rays than that of other natives or even of Europeans. The contrast between white and dark relatives having a striking resemblance of feature is said to be most remarkable.

A Good Illustration.

(Exchange.)

An ostrich egg weighs nearly thirty times as much as an average hen's egg; but to hear the hen's remarks after laying an egg one would suppose she had laid the ostrich egg. It is a good deal the same way with the human being. Some will make much fuss and brag over their little thin-skulled achievements than others do over an invention or work that becomes historical.

Beautiful Was the Night.

(Exchange.)

"Oh, George! How superlatively still, clear and beautiful is the night!" she whispered, leaning her finely veined temple against his coat collar, "how soothing, how restful!"

"Yes," he replied, toying with her chestnut aureole of hair. "What a night for shoot cats!"

One reason why a tame alligator at a certain aquarium is let alone, is because of a sign reading: "Idiot! will please stir him up."

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief? Price 25c and \$1. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

HOW GREAT MEN EAT.

A BALTIMORE CHEF RELATES SOME REMINISCENCES.

Jay Gould's Abstemiousness—Vanderbilt Not a High Liver—Bonanza Mackey, Ex-President Arthur, Villard, Beecher—Grant and Sherman.

(Baltimore Herald.)

"We fellows," said the chef of a well-known restaurant, recently arrived from New York, as he deftly impaled a piece of cold ham on his fork and guided it toward an enormous cavity beneath his nose, that suddenly opened to receive it, "control the destinies of the world. We are the true dukes of the universe. We mold public opinion in the frying-pan, stew the stars in the cabbage-pot, serve up divorces, steaming hot, in the vegetable dishes, and can carve more marriages and prize fights out of a two-pound steak than the newspapers could publish in a week."

"All very true," responded the individual who was sharing his dinner and a bottle of Clicquot with the retired cook in question, "but suppose you drop from generalities and tell me something about the great people whom you have fed. What do they eat and drink?"

"Ah!" continued the chef, getting outside of a stalk of celery with remarkable grace and agility, "you will be astonished to learn how few of our great men are gourmets, though lots of them are gourmands. Jay Gould drinks absolutely nothing except milk or water. He prefers the former. He never touches whisky or champagne in his life, although his beautiful \$300,000 yacht, the Atlanta, never went out of port without having her wine closets well stocked. Gould likes to see his friends well entertained while they are in his charge, and big bluff Jack Shackford, the captain of the boat, knows every brand of wine by heart, and is a capital fellow to take care of a closet. Gould is extremely abstemious in his eating. For breakfast he likes Graham toast, milk, a piece of pickle and a couple of soft-boiled eggs. For luncheon he wants cold ham or cold tea biscuit, if he can get it, and another glass of milk. His dinner revolves around a tender piece of sirloin steak broiled rare. He does not fancy wild game, but is fond of stowed oysters, with the broth thickened with Graham wafers. I never saw him eat onions in his life."

Vanderbilt is not a high liver, but he eats a good deal of whatever he likes, and is not ashamed nor afraid to drink anything a barkeeper can mix. He dilutes his whisky with Apollinaris water, and often, when driving in the park, stops at the Casino and makes his own cocktail from whisky he takes with him in a silver flask. He borrows a scrap of lemon-skin and a douchette of absinthe and pays 35 cents for drinking his own liquor. His weak point at table is pickled onions, so prepared by his French cook that none of the vile flavor remains. He sprinkles a faint touch of cayenne pepper over the onions and devours them with a relish.

"Bonanza Mackey is even plainer in his eating than Gould. He is troubled somewhat at intervals with dyspepsia, and has a horror of radishes and cucumbers, but likes plain steak trimmed with onions and served with Lyonnaise potatoes and stewed tomatoes. He is not a pie-eater. He started in life as a saloon-keeper, but is a very light drinker, preferring a glass of milk at lunch. He is a very graceful manipulator of the corkscrew, and has not forgotten any of the tricks of his old profession."

"Ex-President Arthur is a great claret drinker. He never went cruising on the Dispatch, while he occupied the White House, without carrying a wagon-load of claret with him, and one of the most particular duties with which his mulatto valet was charged was to look after the wine cellar and superintend the removal of the empty bottles. Champagne came second, in Mr. Arthur's estimation."

Henry Villard is a plain, substantial eater, with a decided penchant for cabbage. He is a connoisseur of Westphalian hams, and is quite fond of Swiss cheese, much of which, although no doubt he does not suspect it, is made in New York state. He is a light drinker, and patronizes soda-water fountains in hot weather. Russell Sage is the coffee drinker of Wall street. He wants it in the morning, he wants it at lunch and he wants it at dinner, and he always takes a cup before retiring. George J. Sey is tea as heartily as Sage does coffee, and clings to it like an old maid. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher loves soda water, drinks it slowly, as though it were the nectar of the gods, and between each draught throws his chin up in the air like a hen. Mr. Beecher never had a professional cook, and at formal dinners he is an all-around eater, with a very healthy appetite for vegetable and meat. He makes a sort of temperance punch out of ice cream and soda water, and usually calls for lemonade at a banquet.

"Gen. Grant is not a heavy eater, and he wants his meats well cooked and not highly seasoned. At a cafe he picks out a plain, substantial collection of victuals from the bill of fare and washes them down with any liquid that is handy. There are two things that Gen. Sherman never refuses to do. One is to drink whisky, the other to kiss a pretty girl. He inclines to wild game and raw oysters. The bon vivant of the army is Gen. Phil Sheridan, and he and Gen. Hancock together get up a dinner that would tickle the palate of a king. The bill of fare would embrace roast pheasant, canvas-back duck, mushrooms, lamb cutlets stuffed with French peas, and young pig's tail fried with olive oil and trimmed with grated celery, seasoned with cayenne pepper. This last dish was invented by Gen. Sheridan, and he considers it one of the greatest efforts of his life."

"Ben Butler's fancy see-saws between milk and Rhine wine. He is a hearty beef-eater, and can consume more ham sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs than any man who ever went into the congressional restaurant. Ex-Senator David Davis inclines to lemon pie, doughnuts, peanuts and lemonade. Senator Mahone likes pure, unadulterated whisky, and generally begins a big feed with champagne and rounds it off with brandy. The late Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, was an enormous eater. George Alfred Townsend is a practical admirer of buckwheat cakes. He was reared on a diet of butter-akes, bacon and fish, but has since given up the bacon and fish, and now eats The New York Sun, makes a regular diet of fish."

"Actresses are good liver, as a rule. They make merry while alive, and like to wind up with a fine funeral that will show up well in the papers."

Trying to Freeze the Germs.

(Arkansas Traveler.)

Disease germs are probably much less affected by extreme cold than might be expected. Experiments have been reported to the Glasgow Philosophical society in which a temperature of 120 degrees below zero was insufficient to stop processes of putrefaction.

Chicago Citizens: Never in the history of the world have bad finances prevented a war.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY, a positive cure for Catarrh, Dysphtheria and Canker Mouth. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Another Discoverer.

(Chicago Times.)

A Mexican historian makes a new attempt to show that America was discovered in the fifth century, A. D., by a party of Buddhist monks from Afghanistan, of whom one, Hwai Shan, returned to Asia after an absence of forty-one years. A short account of the land which he visited, supposed to be Mexico, was included in the official history of China. There is proof that Hwai Shan actually visited some unknown eastern region, and the traditions of Mexico contain an account of the arrival of monks.

Ticked the Clergy.

(Chicago Tribune.)

A remark by Mr. Howells in the course of his late reading in Boston at the Authors' Fund benefit as to "How much easier it is to make one's peace with one's God than with one's wife" seems to have especially tickled the risibilities of the clergy on the platform, for Bishop Potter is reported to have laughed until he was red in the face and Bishop Cox laughed until he cried.

Can Keep a Secret.

(Chicago Herald.)

Some women can keep a secret. The Rebekah degree of Odd Fellowship is the best kept secret in the order. Men have been expelled from the order for divulging the secret work, but there is no instance on record of a woman proving recreant to her trust.

Has Several Names.

The town of Herat has several names in Persian. It is called Hira, Hiriva and Hirat. The dialect of the country and a native thereof are both called Hiravi, and anything belonging to the district is styled Hiravi.

FOR SALE.—A small farm, well located, good lands, from 120 to 150 Acres. Call on J. S. Murphy, Stanford, Ky.

LUMBER YARD.

Having opened up a lumber yard in the rear of our store, we are now

Prepared to furnish any kind of Lumber

In the rough. Posts of all kinds, Shingles cut, sawed and shaved. Also Agents for the Danville Planing Mills.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

HALE'S WELL,

OPENS JUNE 1st.

This health-giving Summer Resort will be under my management this season, and as it is entirely refitted and refurnished, I can promise my patrons comfort as well as health. Board, \$5 per week; per meal, 50 cents. Two of double cottages, \$7 per week. Will have a conveyance at the depot to meet passengers.

A. L. SPOONMORE.

"St. Mary's Saw Mills"

AND LUMBER YARD.

On top of the Knobs, close by J. Carter's Grocery Store.

FOOTE & WHEELER, Proprietors.

For all kinds of general Lumber, Shingles, &c., builders and others can find a better market to suit themselves. Our motto is "Good Lumber for Reasonable Rates." Postoffice address, Halls Gap, Ky.

THORNDAL BOY!

Four years old, registered No. 11178 in the A. J. C. Book, will serve cows at \$5. His size is 24 in. tall, 4 in. round, 25 lb. weight. He is a fine, healthy, and docile animal. He is a fine, healthy, and docile animal. He is a fine, healthy, and docile animal.

J. G. CARPENTER, Stanford, Ky.

ICE! ICE! ICE!

I will deliver ice to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

ONE CENT PER POUND.

Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

LUMBER!

Dressed Pine Flooring, Ceiling, Weather Boards, Finishing Lumber, Green Lumber in the Rough, including Laths and Shingles.

For the convenience of our customers in Stanford and vicinity we have arranged with Geo. D. Hendren to keep on his yards an assortment of lumber, where they can get it as cheap as from us direct. He will also make estimates for any bills not on hand, which we will bill on short notice.

HELVIN & DAVIS, Lily, Ky.

Masonheimer's Restaurant

—OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE—

DANVILLE, - - KENTUCKY.

Meals served at all hours. Game always on hand and in its season, oysters fresh fish, and similar delicacies served in all styles. On short notice. Look out for the sign "Woodbine Restaurant" and call when you are hungry.

E. W. MASONHEIMER & CO., Danville, Ky.

Dr. E. J. Nickerson,

Physician and Surgeon.

Office on 4th St., - - Danville, Ky.

Piles and Fistula Perfectly Cured.

No Knife, Ligature or Caustic Used.

Treatment Mild. No Detention From Business.

Cure Certain and Permanent. No Cure, No Pay.

Special Attention also Given to Chronic Kidney & Bladder Troubles.

As well as all Diseases peculiar to Women.

Charges mod. rate. Dr. N. can be consulted free of charge and will be found at his office at all times for the next three months.

By permission he refers to the following gentlemen: J. S. Bosler, G. A. Lusk, S. E. Irwin, Stanford, Ky.; J. H. Lee, Tom Murphy, W. F. Temple, John M. Spoonmore, Sim L. Cook, Danville, Ky.; Rev. J. A. Apple, Hustonville, Ky.; O. S. Suttner, C. R. Robinson, Lexington, Ky.; Chas. B. Walker, C. C. Christian, Kirzville, Ky.; J. S. Johnson, Bryantville, Ky.; J. P. Daniel, McKim, Ky.; G. J. B. Byrd, Lexington, Ky.; J. H. Campbell, Lexington, Ky.; J. A. McCall, Bowling Green, Ky.; George Bohon, Judge L. W. Hughes, Harrodsburg, Ky.; C. C. Shumate, McAfee, Ky.

29-614

CHAMPO!

The fine imported Norman stallion, will make the season of 1885 at the stable of J. M. Wray, at "Pink Cottage," 1½ miles from Stanford.

AT \$15 THE SEASON,

OR \$25 TO INSURE A COLT.

Champo is a dark gray, 17½ hands high, weighs 1,600 pounds and is 5 years old the 25th of May next. He is of fine style and action, good in the loins, well ribbed and large body, with well-shaped shoulders, head and neck well set on. He was imported by G. W. Stubbledick & Co., of Bloomington, Ill., September 11, 1881. We will also stand at the same place our fine young Jack.

BOSTON!

At \$10 for a Living Colt. Boston is a beautiful black, 14½ hands high, was foaled November 10, 1879, and was West End, by the Warbler, dam by Jim Porter, first dam Saco Fly, by a Mammoth and Warrior Jack.

Pasture furnished at reasonable rates, but will not be responsible for accidents should any occur. 5-3m WRAY & WAKEFIELD.

GILT EDGE!

This fine young saddle stallion I have concluded to reserve a limited number of mares at the low price of

TEN DOLLARS!

Which money I will expend on his education after the season by placing him in the hands of some good saddle horse man, only to steady him in his gait, for he has them naturally. I expect to exhibit him at the Fairs. Gilt Edge is 5 years old this spring, dark bay or brown, 15½ hands high and a perfect model in form. He was bred by one of the noted old Denmark families, Levi Hobbles On Time, 14 days by one of the grandest horses ever known in any country, Cabbie's Old Lexington, a horse that has taken more premiums than any other horse that I know of. Any horseman will tell you so, therefore we should not let the strains of these two families run down. His 2d dam was by Fanny's Young America, Uncle Peter Gentry says she was the best breeder that ever stood in Boyle county. Third dam by Taylor's Messenger.

STEVE WALKER!

This fine young Jack will also make the season of 1885 at my stable, one mile from Stanford on the Hustonville pike, at

\$5 to Insure a Living Colt.

Steve Walker is a brown with white points, 13 hands high, 4 years old and said by good Jack men to be one of the best horses that I have ever seen. He has actions like a horse, quick and sure. If you patronize us we will promise not to detain you long on the Jack's account. 11-4 J. E. & J. R. FARRIS.

Abdallah Glenco!

Will make the season of 1885 at my stables, 2½ miles south of Hustonville, on the Hustonville and Liberty road. Abdallah Glenco is by Joe Elmo No. 3450, trial 27, record 2:40. Jo Elmo is the sire of D. C. S., record 2:25½. (D. C. S. sold for \$9,000 the past winter.) Review record 2:25½. Lurgus record 2:38 and Mark Wakefield, pacer, trial in 2:20. Jo Elmo is by St. Elmo, 27½ (by Alexander's Abdallah), by Byrd's Geo. or two lines, Bettie C., by Cunningham's Copper Bottom, 3d dam Minerva Duncan, by Imp. Buzzard, (thoroughbred). Willie D. dam Starlight by (thoroughbred), by Imp. Flamingo. Abdallah Glenco's color is fine and large and good moves, both saddle and harness. I have one of his colts that trotted 1:20 yards on a 300-yard circle at the rate of 2 1/2 miles per hour. I also have another that is about as good. Here is a combination of the best trotting and running crosses in existence. Abdallah Glenco has had but little training but trotted on Hutchings & Pope's track in Boyle county, Ky., which is as good as any track in the state, for two months past. Mr. Pope says he showed a 2:30 gait frequently. He is also a first-class saddle horse and his colts almost invariably show saddle qualities. Persons wishing to breed will do well to examine my horse and colts before breeding elsewhere. He is a beautiful black, 15½ hands high, superior bone and muscle, stands for the small sum of \$10 the season or \$12.50 to insure a living Colt. I will also stand my Jack.

Bob McElroy

At \$10 to insure. Bob McElroy is 15½ hands brown with nearly nose and a No. 1 breeder. Got by the Ed. Campbell Jack, he is Robinson's Lampson, by Imp. Mammoth.

Not responsible for accidents or escapes, but mares left with me will be well cared for on reasonable terms. 10-21/2m E. S. POWELL.

NOBBY!

The sire of trotters and takers and more fancy and prettier Eastern horses than any other stallion in Kentucky, will make the season of 1885 four miles west of Stanford, directly on the Knob Pike, and will be permitted to serve mares at the extremely low price of

\$20 the season or \$30 to insure.

Grass furnished at \$2 per month. Due care will be taken to prevent accidents or escapes, but will not be responsible should any occur. Description and Pedigree.—Nobby is a jet black with star in forehead and two white feet, 16 hands 1 inch high, fine mane and tail, good, long legs, beautiful head and neck, excellent shoulders, back and loin—in fact, faultless in symmetry; and will guarantee there doesn't live a stallion possessed of better disposition, and these qualities he is sure to produce to his progeny. As an evidence that good mares is the fact that some of his very speediest colts have nothing but a sir Wallace dam to recommend them. This of itself is conclusive proof that the speed comes from his sire. Nobby is the sire of Nobby, Jr., record 2:25½, sold to W. C. Fyler, of Ohio, for \$5,000. One of his colts trotted last season with very little handling in 2:30. Nobby was sired by Nobby, 2nd dam, wife of Basil Duke, 2nd dam, Mambrino Hippo 2:25½; Red Rock 2:35½; Hill Art 2:34; Garrard Chief by Mambrino Chief, sire of Lady Thorne, 2nd dam, Woodbine Mambrino, 2nd dam, and several others in the 2:30 list; 1st dam by Frank; 2d dam by Ararat; 3d dam by Hamlet; 4th dam by Danby; 5th dam, Nobby's 2nd dam, thoroughbred mare, said to be by Imp. Tranby.

Parting with mares shall forfeit the insurance in all cases.

C. L. CROW, Ky.

I will also stand a FINE YOUNG JACK that will be permitted to serve a few good mares at \$10 to insure. The Jack is 5 years old the 7th of September, is fully 15 hands high. He was sired by the Jack that was sold by W. L. Caldwell for \$1,100 and was taken to California by brother of the 1,100 pound Jack owned by Mr. Peyton Embree. 10-11 C. L. C.

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One year for only \$3—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$3 you will receive for one year your home paper with